

Good Morning ^{s120}

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Building and Barring

BOURNEMOUTH'S first post-war houses are being built by boys. Twenty young building apprentices, most of them from the local Junior Technical School, are hard at work on the construction of eight permanent houses, in pairs, in Wheatley-road, East Howe.

The boys are making history, for they were the first in the country to start building houses under a scheme originating from the Building Apprentices Training Council and the Ministry of Works.

Other towns are following suit, but Bournemouth was the first to put the scheme into practice.

The boys are as proud as they are enthusiastic, for the knowledge that they have initiated Bournemouth's post-war housing programme is as much an incentive as the fact that their training is being advanced in such a practical way.

The work was started with befitting ceremony. In the presence of members of the Housing and Education Committees of the Town Council and representatives of the building industry, the Mayor, Coun. Harry C. Brown, dug the first turf of the first building plot.

Afterwards, he signed his time-sheet for his "work" at the request of Tom Chisham, the master builder who is in charge of the apprentices. There were a few speeches; then the boys "went to it."

After clearing the site and erecting a mess-house and workshop for themselves, they

set to work on the concrete foundations.

Erection of the houses is now well advanced, despite the efforts of a "crazy gang" of young hooligans who, after the boy builders had knocked off for the day, tried to undo their work. So much damage was caused that it has been necessary to engage a watchman at night and during the week-end.

Sir Malcolm Trustram Eve, chairman of the Building Apprentices Training Council, is to visit Bournemouth to lay a special stone to mark the inauguration of the first apprenticeship house-building scheme in the country.

SINCE Norman times and up to the war of 1914-18, English troops going to and returning from wars overseas have passed under the arch of Southampton's historic Bar Gate, which bestrides the High-street.

But in this war, although hundreds of thousands of British and American troops have marched through Southampton, they have not passed under Bar Gate.

Since the last war, roads have been constructed round both sides of the venerable pile to relieve traffic congestion. Early in this war the central arch was bricked up to transform the Bar Gate into the most substantial air raid shelter in the town.

Many people sought, and found, safety from Nazi bombs within its massive stone walls. After withstanding many blitzes on the town, the Bar Gate stands to-day, scarred but intact, surrounded by raid ruins.

C.P.O. Roy Norwood, Here's the Unshorn Lamb

"HAIRCUT, sir?" said the barber.

Dennis took a look at the shining scissors and released a rising wail. Your wife tried to talk him into getting a haircut, C.P.O. Roy Norwood, but Dennis was as adamant as any two-year-old can be, so she took him home again, through the charming Kent countryside around Hunton—his fair locks still unshorn.

That episode occurred the day before we called on your wife at Scott's House to get a message for you.

Dennis had not quite recovered his good humour and was a little shy at first, but our picture-man has a way with children, and when he had finished explaining just how his cameras worked, your young son was quite sure he wasn't a barber.

The result was that he allowed his Mummy to persuade him to pull her a lettuce from the garden, as you see.

Your niece Valerie told us about the pillow fights you used to have when your wife was busy getting breakfast ready, and she is very much looking forward to this early-morning exercise again.

Valerie also sends her "Uncle Roy" all her love, to which her mother adds her own good wishes.

Life in Hunton, Maidstone, continues to move very slowly, and your wife and Dennis are hoping it won't

be long before they can have a real celebration for your home-coming.

Till that time they send all their love, and best wishes for a good trip.



Cricket on the Village Green at Chipperfield. There are more pictures on the back page.

Hertfordshire

The First of a Series of County Tours Conducted

by D. N. K. BAGNALL

IF London can be imagined as a Great House, Hertfordshire might well be said to be the Home Farm. For since great tracks of Kent and Surrey became dormitories, it is from the open fields of Herts. that the Londoner has drawn his nearest supplies of fresh vegetables and other agricultural produce.

This may come as a surprise to the thousands of people who know Hertfordshire merely from its southern fringe, where the suburbs of London, spread across Middlesex, ever seek new sites in the green and pleasant countryside to the north.

Rickmansworth and Watford have surrendered to the builder's far from lovely hand; Waltham Cross went long ago, so did Barnet; and Elstree, with its filmland, is all but lost.

But five-sixths of the county is still cultivated land, meadow or pasture—ninetenths of it unseen by motorists hurrying northwards along those main arteries that cross its territory.

How long this will remain so, I dare not guess. It is too conveniently near London, I fear, for Hertfordshire to remain many years the northern outpost of rural things.

But while it is there, let us be thankful. I, at least, am happy in having been allowed to know it in its beauty, and can only hope that it will so remain.

For it is beautiful, despite the dwellers in the south—and, for that matter, they are not to blame; indeed, they are to be congratulated on having chosen to live on the borders of such pleasant countryside.

You have but to turn aside from the main roads at almost any point to find your-

self in the midst of mellow woodlands and parklands, with happy streams winding through the meadows, and small, pleasing villages snugly set in an ever-changing countryside.

Between, say, Harpenden and Hitchin, you may discover a network of these villages—some mere hamlets—usually with neat village greens shaded by high elms and graced by an old church or an ancient house.

Around Broxbourne and Little Berkhamstead there is another grouping of such villages—and they are to be found in other parts of the county.

An ever-changing countryside—perhaps that is one of the chief constituents of Hertfordshire's charm. There are no wide landscapes, no long vistas—if you except the outlooks from the high lands on the extreme west of the county. Hertfordshire deals in small things: small farms, small fields, small woods, small hills, small valleys.

I remember how, passing over its countryside by air, it seemed as if it were a mosaic of fields, each one of which might have been a well-tended garden—its neat hedges seeming to have been ruled with a pencil.

A TALE OF OAKS.

And yet I suppose there is no county, with the exception of Surrey, which has so many commons and open places where the plough has never been steered through the soil; where you can wander to the heart's content and where, alas, so many picnickers spread behind them, for some one else to clear up, the paper

bags and cartons which they have emptied.

Wherever you go in the county, it cannot be long before your feet are treading out the aroma of the wild thyme, or pressing spring heather, or crushing harebells into the short grass. Gorse flourishes around your pathways, an orange-yellow fire flaming against the background of trees, heavy with county lore upon them.

In remembering the walks I have taken in various parts of the county, it seems to me that nowhere else have I come across so many oak trees.

In the east, especially, you come across wood after wood of fine oaks, and, of course, you must know the great oaks of Hatfield Park.

But it is not so much these congregations of oaks that have impressed me so much as the large numbers of them you see as individuals, or by twos and threes, on open spaces and commons, as well as in the fields. They do not appear to have been set there for a purpose, nor are they, most of them, gnarled grey-beards left standing as lonely survivors of departed woods or forests.

Many of them are but stripplings, in the terms of oak life, and many are not yet of middle age. It seems to me that they are probably self-sown, and that the soil of Hertfordshire nurtures the fallen acorn more fondly than does that of most counties.

Or perhaps some difference of climate encourages the growth of the young trees.

RIVER TRAIL.

But probably the most notable thing about the county's natural appearance is its largest river—the Lea. It is known to every native Hertfordshire man. If it does not flow near his town or village, he has had to cross it pretty often. For it goes ambling about the county as if it wished to see as much as possible of those impressive great mansions and tiny villages, those narrow lanes and fertile fields, before it passed into the less pleasant places on its way to the Thames near Blackwall.

It goes forward, to swing back in narrow curves—and curves within curves.

If you are walking, you are never sure whether you have the river behind you or before you, though you know, at any rate, that you will probably meet it again.

I doubt if anyone has had the patience to follow it from its entrance into Hertfordshire from Bedfordshire to where it forms the boundary with Middlesex. But if you did, you would have seen most of what the county has to offer the country-lover.

Its placid waters are a haven for all kinds of water-fowl, and its often overgrown banks are the breeding-places of myriads

of wild birds. An amazing collection of wild flowers fringe its bed, and one of the most lovely sights I have ever seen was a belt of towering willow herb in full bloom, blazing with colour in the sunlight along its verge.

Long stretches of the river have been used as water-cress beds, and the tightly pressed baskets of cress you can see at Covent Garden have, as likely as not, come from the Home Farm to the Great House.

The Lea Valley is a thing to be remembered for another reason. It contains more glass per mile than any other part of England. Only Guernsey, the home of glass-houses, surpasses it. Indoor farming has proved amazingly successful in the Lea Valley, and the value of its produce is as great as that from the open-air farms.

ASK NO MORE.

Though most of Hertfordshire's population is engaged in agriculture, there are lively industries in its towns, most of which retain their age-long role as markets for the surrounding countryside. Even St. Albans, on one of the busiest roads to the Midlands and the North, has not lost entirely its rural atmosphere; Hatfield and Buntingford are not ruined; Hitchin, with its hill street and old houses, keeps its charm; and so does Ware, with its summer-houses leaning over the river and its ancient buildings. What more can one want?

But nothing typifies the snugness of the county better than the way its lanes have of going home.

Walking without map or guide across parts of the county, you will follow some narrow lane only to find yourself brought to an abrupt end at the entrance gates to some big house. It seems as though great landowners had set their country houses in secluded spots, and that these lanes had been made to serve their carriages and horse-riders.

The numerous streams have this habit, too. You may follow a stream only to find that it has its end in a lake of some rich man's park.

If you look at a map of Hertfordshire you will see that there are many place-names containing a "Hoo" or an "End"—both of which indicate this curious habit of lanes and streams. I think the county is individual to this extent.

It has at least one other claim to be unique. It has Mr. Bernard Shaw.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Fur Traders Built Dominion

BUT for a handful of lion-hearted fur for adornment rather than pioneer adventurers from comfort. England, the vast and undeveloped land that is now Canada might have remained in its wild state, or have passed to another Power.

This year marks the 275th birthday of those gallant spirits whose fur-trapping enterprise shaped the destinies of the great Dominion.

Furs had been sold in France and worn at the French court long before Columbus set out on his historic voyage in 1492. They were furs brought home by Breton and Portuguese fishermen who had made expeditions to the North American coast years previously.

To retain the source of such profitable trading strictly "under their hats" meant good business, and these merchant adventurers kept the secret remarkable well for a number of years.

WARM NIGHTY.

Nowadays we regard the fur coat as a means of keeping warm, as the American Indians did, but for centuries the civilised nations used

Women were inclined to overdo it. Anne Boleyn wore a fur night-dress, and Queen Elizabeth, it is said, sported a different one for every night of the week.

Following the Frenchman Cartier's explorations (which arose out of his fisher countrymen's enterprises) settlers began to pour into Canada, driving the fur-bearing animals farther and farther west and north. Then, in 1670, was organised one of the most romantic of all business enterprises—the Company of Gentlemen Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay; its principal backer and first governor, Prince Rupert of the Royal House of Sutar.

Two years earlier, a British ketch, the "Nonsuch," with 42 men, had forced a passage through the narrow channels and immense ice-fields into that great sea, Hudson Bay, discovered by Henry Hudson over 150 years before.

Anchoring in an undiscovered waterway on the S.E. corner of

James Bay, which they called Rupert's River, the adventurers landed, and built the first of a chain of log forts, naming it after the reigning English monarch—the historic Fort Charles.

After many months' trading with Indians and Eskimos, this little band of pioneers again clambered aboard the doughty "Nonsuch" and returned to England with a cargo of valuable hides.

So pleased were the London gentry, who had financed the scheme, that it led to the formation of the Company of Gentlemen Adventurers. For many years the Company held virtually undisputed sway over an area that stretched from the Arctic Circle almost to the present American frontier.

They won the allegiance of the Indians, establishing trading posts at selected points to which Redskins and Eskimos brought their skins for disposal.

It became impossible to keep secret the success of these undertakings, and Hudson Bay soon became the rendezvous of other adventurers, mostly French, all in search of quick, easy fortunes, quests which built themselves into a national tussle between the French and British for supremacy in Canada. One after another the Company's forts and trading posts fell to the strategy of the French newcomers to these parts.

At one time, one post alone—Albany Fort—remained in the original owners' hands.

Yet, despite these serious setbacks, the Hudson Bay Company pursued its trading ever farther north and west, setting up posts throughout British America, assisting the settlement and development of the country, and maintaining law and order. Two hundred years after it first received its Charter, the Company relinquished to Queen Victoria its governing rights, so that the newly-developed Provinces of Canada might be confederated into a nation under the British flag.

FURS FOR BLIGHTY.

Nevertheless, under this arrangement, the Company were empowered to retain selected parcels of land around their trading posts, and these posts still supply the bulk of this historic organisation's fur trade with Great Britain and the world.

In addition, from 1910 onwards the Company set up large retail stores throughout western Canada.

Solitary, yet full of adventure and romance, were the lives of these early pioneers who founded Canada's first, and for hundreds of years her greatest, industry.

There is less romance in the fur trade to-day—but for the ordinary citizen more opportunity to buy its wares.

Many of the best fur-bearing animals are becoming more and more rare, but the new industry of fur-farming—the English branch of which was set on its feet largely by ex-Service men of the last war—has put many beautiful and serviceable classes of fur within the reach of even the most modest incomes.

MARTIN THORNHILL,
F.R.G.S.

some of the brilliant lustre and orient of the better pearls.

If you are lucky enough to find a good pearl, ask a jeweller for its "base."

If it weighs, say, 20 grains, and the jeweller says the "base" is £1, then your luck will be in. Multiply the "base" by the square of 20 (i.e., 20 times 20)—and you'll find yourself the fortunate owner of a £400 pearl!

Such a find is not at all uncommon off the shores of Ceylon, or the Western coast of America.

J. VAN BIENE.



Winchester High Street from the Arch of the Gate.

THE LONG WALK STARTS Pilgrims' Way—No. 2

WITH the best will, the first few miles of the Way cannot be said to be picturesque.

True, you catch glimpses of some attractive scenery, but for most of it you are on or near the main road or railway.

It is not until you approach the Surrey border that the Way becomes in some measure the landscape the pilgrims saw.

You start in the midst of traffic—Jewry Street, Winchester—and although there is a slight change of scene as you turn off from Hyde Street to follow the course of the insignificant little stream of the Bourne, it is not long before you cross it, go through a railway arch and across level parts to arrive at King's Worthy.

You are back on the main road to Arlesford and Alton, and you must follow it through Martyr Worthy and down the steep slope into Itchen Abbas.

If it's the right time for a drink, drop into the Plough Inn. The beer had a reputation a hundred years ago, and even in these days it is as good as you will get anywhere around.

And having slaked your thirst, take a look at the little Norman church nearby. There is at least one interesting thing connected with it—the monument in the churchyard recording the fact that Bishop Badow, of Chichester, had five daughters, all of whom married Bishops. Enough clergy for any family.

A little beyond the village, take the turning to Itchen Stoke. Its name indicates a ford, and sure enough, you come to the River Itchen, where a bridge will take you across dry-shod, where the old pilgrims had to tuck up their skirts and wade across.

Up a slope, the main road again comes into sight, but the path we are in goes across it to a foot-path, narrow between high banks, which soon broadens into a more foot-worthy way.

Over Tichborne Down the old road leads you into New Arlesford, once an important wool

centre, but now no more than a township with some pretty corners.

FORGOTTEN DEAD. If you are a tombstone quizzer, you will be surprised to find so many French names on the slabs in the churchyard. They are those of French prisoners of war billeted in the town during the Napoleonic War.

Back on the Way, we strike out for Bishop's Sutton and for a mile or so stick to the main road. You are not now on the pilgrim's path. If you have the time and the inclination, you can trace it in the fields to the South.

At Bishop's Sutton a detour becomes necessary. You can either continue along the main road, or, if you are sick of it, take a side road into Ropley.

But in either case, you must swing round to join the old track at North Street, where you can now continue in a straight line along Blackberry Lane—not many blackberries there, now—to Alton.

You are eighteen miles or so from Winchester.

It was at Alton Church that a small party of Royalist soldiers, refusing to surrender, fought until every one was killed.

There is a tablet commemorating the affair in the church, and scars on woodwork and stonework bear sinister evidence of the affray.

Walking up Alton High Street is to follow the pilgrims on their march. And to call in at one of the inns may be to attempt, still further, to get the historical atmosphere. Or it may be merely to get prepared for the next stretch of the Way.

Holybourne is the next stop. It is main-road work, though there is evidence that the ancient wayfarers may have taken one of many possible sidepaths hereabouts.

Through Froyle and Coldrey: on to Bentley and Binsted—and so to Farnham where, though the Way merges into the modern main road in parts, we can almost smell the short turf and wild flowers of the chalk hills, where, to me, the real delight of this journey lies.

Immortal Beasties

By John Fleetwood

TAXIDERMY—that is what the experts have named it. Others still call it "Stuffing." But to-day the art of the men who adorn the walls and floors of natural-history museums and delight the pride of big-game hunters is far removed from the old wool-stuffing process.

Starting literally as stuffing, this was actually what the operation comprised; the skin was simply stuffed with wool or straw until it faintly resembled the living bird or animal.

"Mounting" is a fairer word to apply to the process to-day, which only remotely resembles the old; the cream of the men now engaged in it are artists to their finger-tips.

They will mount the rhino or buffalo which you shot in the wilds, and confront you with the dead spit of the beast that charged you and met its fate at the press of a trigger.

Alternatively they will present you with a life-like double of a much-loved pet who has passed on.

Eyes, ears and mouth seem almost alive, in key with the animal's life pose. Every line and curve of body, every detail of bone, joints, and sinews is faithfully reproduced. To achieve this with the use of but the skull and bones, and without a vestige of flesh, the taxidermist must not only be an artist he must be equally at home in the studio, laboratory and workshop.

He must be blacksmith, farrier, glazier, chemist, painter, clay modeller, photographer, with a knowledge as well of anatomy, zoology and natural history.

Even granting an aspiring taxidermist a familiarity with all these departments, he would still fail to inspire the confidence of museum directors and big-game hunters if he lacked a certain sixth sense which enables him to impart to a model the finish that makes it the embodiment of living reality.

Usually it is a family craft, handed on from father to son, ensuring a long apprenticeship.

Thus, secret formulae remain in the family's keep. Generally these concern the reproduction of veins and arteries and the modelling of ears, two of the most intricate factors in animal mounting.

When a client has decided on the pose he would like adopted, the taxidermist makes a sketch, or maybe a model in clay, on which he marks measurements of limbs, body, ears, horns.

A skeleton, or "mannikin," is then built up in wood or iron, after which the body is roughly filled and sealed with packing and tow.

Next, it is covered with a layer of modelling clay, and muscles, bones, hollows and curves all faithfully outlined. Meanwhile the skin has been "pared and relaxed" to make it sufficiently pliable to stretch over the model, to which it is then invisibly sewn.

The underlying clay being still soft, the skin is now moulded to the finished form desired.

That is the process. It takes no account of the planning, discussion and intricate details and precious formulae vital to successful completion. Fitting a skin to a "mannikin" is alone the most worrying job you could think of, for the taxidermist has to make the animal fit the suit.

Demand for full-size mountings is limited mostly to museums, except in the case of smaller animals. The biggest call is for birds and horned heads, but not infrequently farmers want the heads of champion bulls and prize-winning milch cows memorially mounted.

Once an order was for the perpetuation of the extraordinary freak of a two-headed calf.

KNOW YOUR PEARLS!

YOU never know—you might find a good pearl—in any oyster, in any harbour overseas, in any old Oriental gem stores, or even on a coster's barrow.

Even our own home rivers produce natural pearls, known in the trade as "Scotch" pearls, but usually they are of little size and value.

If you find a real pearl, will you be able to value it?

During the war many people brought their ropes of pearls to "uncle," but since the economic conditions have changed pawn-brokers are reluctant to accept pearls as pledges, simply because there are so many frauds.

The pearl-oyster, from which valuable pearls are taken, is quite unlike any ordinary sort of oyster, and is, in fact, really a species of large mussel. The pearl has a lustre known to dealers as its "orient," and it is composed only of concentric layers of carbonate of lime, deposited one on top of the other, like the successive skins of an onion.

There is nothing in the substance of the pearl, in the carbonate of lime, to account for the "orient," or its value. The orient is due to the reflections of rays of light on the soft undulations of the surface, and it is the thing for which you must first look.

However perfect the shape and colour may be, if the orient is wanting the pearl is lifeless and resembles a lump of chalk; indeed, it is known in the trade as "chalky."

PEARL PEELS.

Sometimes it happens that when a pearl has a bad orient it can be peeled to disclose an underneath layer of greater lustre. But this is a dangerous experiment, because the inner skin, as a rule, has much less life than the outer.

This operation of "peeling" is generally more successful with coloured pearls, particularly black ones.

Pearls are found in every shape, the perfectly round and the drop-shape being the most valuable. The finest specimens are always found within the mantles, or soft tissues, of the oyster, and unattached to the shell. "Perles bouton," pearls flat on one side, are always found attached to the shell, which accounts for their formation.

"Perles baroque" is the term given to all irregular-shaped pearls; these are generally found inside the oyster around such irregular objects as chips of wood.

Pearl colours are of every hue, but those absolutely white or slightly yellow are by far the most valuable. The only coloured specimens of any real

value are black, which principally come from Mexico and command fabulous prices. You may find a pink pearl, but these are generally of irregular shape and lacking in orient.

A pearl's value is calculated by its weight, which is estimated by grains, four of which go to the carat, as in the case of other gems; but the standard for pearls is the grain, not the carat.

Jewellers have lately introduced a new method for estimating the value of larger specimens, fixing what they call the "base" (often around £1) and then multiplying it by the square of the value of the pearl.

A "specimen pearl" should be either perfectly round or drop-shaped, of brilliant orient, slightly transparent and, of course, free from all specks and flaws.

Europe and America prefer the pure white pearl, while India and China prefer a yellow shade. India, particularly Ceylon, the Persian Gulf (whence come "Bombay pearls"), Australia, America (which produces "Panama pearls") and New Guinea are the principal pearl-giving areas.

Pearls, the pure white ones especially, are liable to deteriorate with age, contact with acids and gases. The popular idea that they improve with wearing is, therefore, hardly well-founded, for even contact with the air over a period of many years spoils the surface and may even affect the orient.

Most experts say they should be carefully wiped with an old piece of linen after wearing, and stored folded in soft chamois leather.

BORROWED LUSTRE.

One peculiarity nearly all pearls possess is that, while it is comparatively easy to judge of the quality of a single pearl when examined by itself, it is by no means easy to do so when a number are in close proximity, as is the case in a necklace.

Pearls have an extraordinary way of blending one with another, and so confusing the eye. Inferior specimens are thus able to pass muster when strung with good pearls of brilliant orient.

You may often see pearl experts holding a necklet up to a strong light and examining each individual pearl. This is not affectation, but it is really the only safe way to value a pearl necklet.

Out of 120 when strung, only 50 or 60 may be of first-class orient, and the rest just pass muster when seen in the entire string.

It almost seems as though the pearls are alive, and the duller, chalkier pearls take on

BUCK RYAN

Zola finds the Weasel's automatic in the lining of a window curtain

TWO BULLETS ARE MISSING FROM THE MAGAZINE AND THE BARREL HASN'T BEEN CLEANED, PAGE



THAT'S INTERESTING. I PICKED UP TWO SPENT CARTRIDGE CASES OUTSIDE THE ICE RINK MANAGER'S OFFICE. ZOLA—YOU SAW THE MURDERER'S TROUSERS AS HE ESCAPED THROUGH THAT WINDOW AT THE RINK



CAN YOU RECALL THE SHADE?



I'D SAY THEY WERE LIGHTER THAN THOSE, MR PAGE

D204

HAVE A LOOK IN HIS WARDROBE, ZOLA. WE FOUND SOME CLOTHING FIBRES ADHERING TO THE WINDOW FRAME. IF THEY CHECK WITH THE WEASEL'S PANTS—THEN HE KILLED THE RINK MANAGER



Inspector Page's office, Scotland Yard
OUR BALLISTICS EXPERT REPORTS THAT THE BULLETS, TAKEN FROM THE RINK MANAGER'S BODY, WERE FIRED FROM THE WEASEL'S AUTOMATIC AND THE FINGER PRINTS?



PRINTS FOUND ON THE WINDOW CORRESPOND WITH THESE ON THE GIN BOTTLES. AND THE MICROSCOPE SHOWS THE FIBRES TO BE OF THE SAME TEXTURE AS THE MATERIAL OF THE WEASEL'S PANTS



D205

OBVIOUSLY HE KILLED THE RINK MANAGER TO SILENCE HIM



BUT WHO KILLED THE WEASEL? HOW DID HE DIE AND WHY WAS HE KILLED?

BUTCH STILL SWEARS THAT HE'D NOTHING TO DO WITH IT I SUPPOSE?



HE DOES, SO WE'LL HAVE TO FIND THE WENCH WHO LEFT THIS LIPSTICK ON THE GIN GLASS

WELL, HAVE YOU EXAMINED THE BODY OF THE WEASEL, DOCTOR?



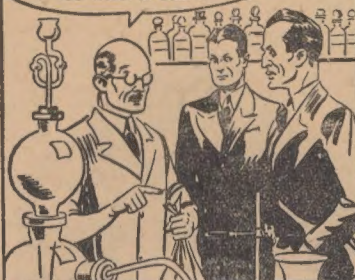
I HAVE, PAGE, AND ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT HE DIED FROM HEART FAILURE

THERE ARE NO MARKS OF VIOLENCE. NO TRACES OF POISON IN THE ABDOMEN. I'VE ANALYSED THE GIN DREGS IN THE BOTTLES AND IT IS GENUINE



D206

I DID HOWEVER, OBSERVE A CURIOUS PUNCTURE ABOVE THE LEFT WRIST. HE'S IN THE REFRIGERATOR NOW IF YOU WISH TO SEE IT



IT'S PERFECTLY CLEAN YOU SEE. NO INFLAMMATION



ANY TRACE OF POISON IN THE BLOOD, DOCTOR?

NOT THE SLIGHTEST

YOUR OBSTINACY ISN'T GOING TO HELP YOU AT THE INQUEST, BUTCH... DO YOU KNOW IF THE WEASEL HAD ANY GIRL FRIENDS?



I SHOULD'N'T THINK THAT MAGGOT HAD ANY... OH YES, HE HAD ONE CALLED MOLLY OR DOLLY, NO—IT WAS MOLLY



DON'T KNOW. HE INTRODUCED ME ONCE IN A PUB. SHE'S IN THE SHOW BUSINESS



A SHOW GIRL, EH! CAN YOU DESCRIBE HER? IT'S MOST IMPORTANT

THE WEASEL DEAD!



D207

I'VE GOT THE NAME OF ONE OF THE WEASEL'S GIRL FRIENDS, PAGE. YOU HAVE THE CONTENTS OF THE WEASEL'S POCKETS?



THERE'S A POCKET BOOK HERE. WHAT'S HER NAME, RYAN?

HERE WE ARE: CLUB, GUS, DAISY, JIM, MOLLY. A BAYSWATER NUMBER. I'LL GET THE ADDRESS FROM THE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE. THIS IS A JOB FOR ZOLA



I'M LEAVING, MA. I'VE GOT A JOB OUT OF TOWN



WELL, I'M SORRY TO LOSE YOU, MOLLY—BUT I WISH YOU LUCK

THIS WILL COVER MY BILL. AND IF ANYBODY ASKS FOR ME—YOU KNOW NOTHING



D208

Posing as a showgirl, Zola visits the theatricals 'tigs' which Molly left only half an hour earlier



CAN I DUMP MY BAG AND POWDER MY NOSE FIRST?



CERTAINLY. COME THIS WAY... THE ROOM'S ONLY JUST BEEN VACATED

AND THE BATH ROOM IS SECOND ON THE RIGHT, "MISS FOX"



THANK YOU. I'LL BE OFF IN A FEW MINUTES

A TORN-UP LETTER AND AN EMPTY PACKET OF HENNA



D209

STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

A CORRESPONDENT tells me he is interested in the Travelling Post Office postmarks of various countries and asks whether there are many other collectors of these items. The answer is that these postmarks appeal only to specialists, for information on the subject is often scanty and difficult to obtain.

Nevertheless, the subject is full of interest, even to the average collector who doesn't attempt to collect the postmarks.

Two or three years back I read some notes by J. H. Tierney in the philatelic press, in which he pointed out that while the British Travelling Post Office service is confined to the railways, in the United States duties similar to those of a Railway Post Office are also performed on a number of ships, river steamers, motor launches and electric tramways.

For many years, R.P.O.s on electric tramway routes were a familiar sight in the streets of various towns in the United States. On these cars mail was collected, sorted, cancelled and despatched. The first regular service, after the experimental stage, was the St. Louis and Florissant Railway Post Office, which operated over a seventeen-mile track. Soon afterwards the service was rapidly extended in St. Louis, to be followed by other towns in America.

Within a few years street car R.P.O.s were operating in Boston, Philadelphia, Northampton, Mass., New York City, Chicago, Cincinnati, Brooklyn, Washington, San Francisco, Rochester, Baltimore, Seattle, Grand Rapids, Pittsburgh and Cleveland.



The first electric trolley post office to be withdrawn from service disappeared about 1906, and from then onwards their numbers declined rapidly until the services became extinct in 1929.

The postal markings from the Baltimore street cars are more common than those of other cities, because the service in Baltimore was still in operation as late as 1929.

In the United States, towns are often linked by modern, high-speed electric inter-urban R.P.O.s, which are a direct development of the old-fashioned street car R.P.O.s. They resemble something between the common tram and the electric train.

In these R.P.O.s mail is collected, sorted and distributed. Correspondence which has been picked up from drop boxes along the line or posted direct into the mail car receives a cancellation aboard with a hand postmark.

The inter-urban cars in the R.P.O. service were once numerous, but they have dwindled in numbers, and now run on only a few routes. It is impossible to obtain up-to-date details at present, but the latest information gives the following as the last surviving electric inter-urban car R.P.O.s still in service: Coeur d'Alene and Spokane, Denison and Dallas, Los Angeles and Redondo Beach, Los Angeles and San Pedro, Washington and Blument.

Perhaps before long the remaining survivors of the inter-urban service will join the street car R.P.O.s in the limbo of the lost.

Illustrated in this column are three portrait stamps of scientists issued during the war by the "Greater German Reich," and one of a beautifully designed Belgian charity issue published this year.



HERTFORDSHIRE



MARKET DAY AT ST. ALBANS.
The clock tower in the background is a mediaeval belfry almost unique in England. Housed in it is the Curfew Bell dating from 1335.



An aerial view of St. Albans showing the beautiful cathedral standing in the smooth park lands amid the great trees. The clean layout of the town is shown clearly in this picture.



★ **FARM IN HERTFORDSHIRE.** ★
Hertfordshire is a county of smiling farms. This shire horse with her foal comes down to the stream to drink on a hot afternoon.



A COUNTY OF GOOD BEER.
Hertfordshire has always been noted for the excellence of the local "brew." None better is served than in Ye Olde Fighting Cocks, just outside St. Albans.



THE ROMAN CITY OF VERULAMIAM.
This wonderful mosaic floor was uncovered at the site of the Roman city of Verulamiam, near St. Albans. It is believed to be part of the floor of an entrance to a Roman villa.



HERTFORDSHIRE VILLAGE.
The old mill stream at the village of Lemsford, in Hertfordshire. The photograph was taken from the mill.



Another view of the Market Place at St. Albans. This busy, prosperous town—the largest in the county—is famous for several old craft industries, notably the making of ships' chronometers.